

Hotel du pont de l'Europe, 17 Rue de Turin,
Paris, June 12, 1857.

My dear and beloved Friend:

I did not mean to leave home without sending you a letter, informing you of my intention to cross the Atlantic once more, and expressing the happiness I felt at the prospect of seeing you ^{again} ~~once more~~ in the flesh in the course of a few weeks; but, to my regret, too many home engagements and duties crowded upon me to permit me to execute my purpose. However, notwithstanding my long silence, I trust you need no written word from me to give you the assurance that, of all the tried and honored friends on this side of the Atlantic who have been co-workers with me in the Anti-Slavery cause, there is none I more highly esteem, none I am more eager to see, none to whom I have been more strongly attached ever since I knew you, than yourself. My pulse quickens at the thought of taking you by the hand so soon; and I hope to find you in a comfortable state of health. It is now twenty-seven years since our personal acquaintance was formed in London, and twenty-one since we parted — a very considerable portion of our earthly life, sufficient to make marked changes in our features and

general appearance; but I feel almost as young in heart and spirits as I did at that early period, and I doubt not that you also do. It seems, indeed, quite like a dream that so many events and vicissitudes have taken place in our experience within that scope of time, either affecting us personally, or concerning the great and humane movement for the abolition of slavery in the United States, so dear to us both, and now so gloriously triumphant. Among other things, my having become a grandfather, at last, is not the least gratifying to me! My third son, Wendell, was born in 1840, while I was absent in England; and just before embarking last ~~May~~ month, he announced to me the pleasing intelligence, by telegraph, that unto him and his beloved Lucy McKim a son had been born. Eleven months before, my second son, William, presented me with a beautiful granddaughter, in whose my affections are very strongly bound up. Do you not see that I am getting to be venerable? But we shall have all sorts of things to talk about when we meet.

And when will that be? I cannot now give a definite answer, because my programme as to my movements in England is not yet made out, and must be left till I get to London, which I expect to do on Saturday evening next. My two children who are here, Fanny (Mrs. Villard), pro-

nounced Villar) and Frank, will accompany me wherever I may travel. I shall only have five or six weeks at the longest to give to England, Scotland and Ireland, before returning here on our way to Switzerland; and how to divide the time where so many places and persons are to be visited will be a difficult matter. I am desirous to spend at least a week in Edinburgh, if practicable: it will be to me all too short a period. Then to give another week to Glasgow, including a tour of the Highlands. We shall probably remain ten days or a fortnight in London. As my object is mainly recreation, and to recuperate my health which was seriously undermined by two heavy headlong falls I unfortunately had last year, (making my life during twelve months almost a blank,) I am desirous of avoiding all mental excitement arising from speaking at public meetings, especially as such meetings are no longer needed as at my former visits. I believe it is the intention of some in London to proffer me a public breakfast, John Bright to preside on the occasion; and to that I shall not demur, as it will partake of a social character. It will give me great pleasure, moreover, to meet friends and old co-laborers in the social circle, here and there, as circumstances may favor. But I have neither the time nor the bodily or mental vigor to engage in speech-making.

My visit to Paris will be an era in my life. It is undoubtedly the most "gay and festive" city in the world. I am told that it has been largely recreated within the last twelve years by the Emperor Napoleon, whose constructive talent appears to be equal to the destructive one of his great uncle, Napoleon I. I have given three weeks assiduously to sight-seeing, and have had my organ of wonder in constant activity. In almost everything, Paris is the antipodes of London, each being pre-eminent in its way. As to the grand International Exposition, I have no language to express the brilliancy and extent of its industrial display.

So give my warmest regards and most affectionate remembrances to all the Wighams, and say to Eliza and her mother that it will greatly enhance the pleasure of my visit to Edinburgh to see and commune with them face to face. My regards to other friends and co-workers. I will apprise you, at the earliest moment, when I expect to be in your city, with Fanny and Frank. In the mean time, though I do not wish to put you to the trouble of writing, a letter addressed to me to the care of Mr. F. W. Chesson, office of the Morning Star, London, will be sure to reach me.

Your attached and deeply indebted friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mrs. E. P. Nichol.

[Dear George Thompson returned home with me from America. He has had great affliction in the loss of his son Herbert.]